



Who Am I?



107 13 15

Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

Honestly I don't know anymore. My world is spinning downward, when I hit the bottom... I don't want to be me anymore, because I don't know who I am.

Chapter 2 by Crimson Pain



They say I am creative and they say I'm nice. What if I'm not. What if i am cruel and dull minded

Chapter 3 by Skoenlapper



There was a time when I knew

I was the centre of attention,

The one everyone would mention.

But I lost me

I disappeared

Now I stare into the mirror

and it's a stranger I see.

Chapter 4 by Weirdfriendlessgirl

Sometimes I think I'm special

Sometimes I think I'm a freak

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Sometimes I really don't know

If I'm either of these

Sometimes I think that I'm unique

Sometimes I think we're all the same

But I just don't know

It's a thing I can't change

Chapter 5 by Niko Erfani



I am scared of myself

Of who I've become

What if I am the monster

And not the hero

The saviour

What if I am the one stopping myself

Hurting myself

Slowly killing myself

But I just don't see it

Chapter 6 by Joy Milton

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Everyone says be yourself

But who is that?

My life is full of question marks

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Too many must I hide behind my smile
The smile that slowly fades like the sun on the horizon
I'm tired of the soul searching
Looking for the answer I'll never find
I slowly pick up the knife

Chapter 7 by Ichigo



What if I'm the person who can die freely?

And no one would care?

What if I just disappear?

Will anyone notice?

What if I just died?

Would it even matter?

Or would the world celebrate?

I point the knife towards my throat

Is it worth it to live?

Is it worth it to see life?

Is it worth it to stay on this planet and live in hell for a century?

I put the knife on my throat

Chapter 8 by SaintSayaka



But I can't do it
This isn't a creative way to die
It needs more sparks, something more
To see the end of an era
Flash by

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I spend the last of my life savings
At a Michael's. It takes them
Three hours
To ring me up.
But it's worth it
When I paint my body with blues and whites
And stick myself with sequins
And sew my body tight
To die
As a work of art.

the end

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